

T H E Two Faithful Lovers.

To the Tune of, *Franklin is fled away, &c.*



Man.] Farewel my heart's delight,
Ladies adieu,
 I must now take my flight,
what e'er ensue;
 My Country-men I see,
 They cannot yet agree;
 Since 'twill no better be,
England farewell.

M.] Your gold I count but dross,
when you are fled,
 Your absence is my loss,
'twill strike me dead;
 Servants I will have none,
 When you are from me gone,
 I'd rather lye alone,
from company.

Maid.] O be not so unkind,
heart, love and joy,
 To leave me here behind,
breeds my annoy:
 O have a patient heart,
 I'll help to bear the smart,
 E'er I from thee will part,
my turtle-dove.

M.] I am resolv'd to go,
for auz to probe;
 Advise me what to do,
my dearest love:
 For here I will not lye,
 What e'er doth me betide;
 Heavens now be my guide,
and lead the way.

M.] I'll leave thee gold good store,
thee to maintain;
 What canst thou wish for more?
do not complain:
 Servants shall wait on thee,
 I'll give thee jewels three,
 That thou maist think on me
when I am gone.

M.] Then let me go with you,
heart, love and joy;
 I will attend on you,
and be your boy:
 If you will go to sea,
 I'll serve you night and day,
 For here I will not stay,
if you go hence.

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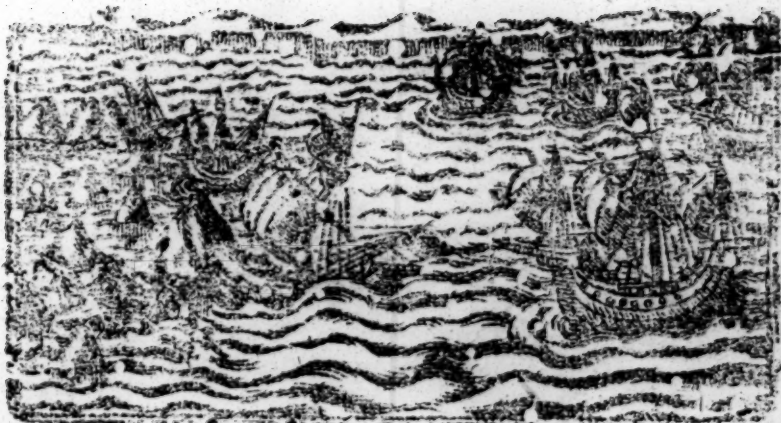
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M.] The seas are dangerous,
 strangers unkind,
 The rocks are perillous,
 so is the wind :
 My care is all for thee,
 As thou maist plainly see,
 Dear heart go not with me,
 but stay behind.

The ship being cast away,
 Fortune so frown'd,
 He swam to land that day,
 but he was drown'd:
 Oh! tis true love was drown'd,
 And never after found,
 And he encompass round
 with grief and care.

M.] Tho' seas do threaten death,
 my heart's delight,
 With thee I'll spend my breath,
 nought shall affright :
 With thee I'll live and dye,
 In thy sweet company,
 Though dangers shall be nigh,
 both day and night.

O cruel seas (quoth he)
and rocks unkind,
To part my dear and me,
in love combin'd :
O cast her on this shore,
I may her death implore,
And purn for ever more
until I dye.

In man's apparel now
 Because with him she'd be,
 She cut her lovely hair,
 And no mistrust there were,
 That she a maiden fair
 Was at that time.

You loyal lovers all
 that hear this ditty,
 Sigh and lament my fall,
 let's move you to pity:
 She lies now in the deep,
 In everlasting sleep,
 And left me here to weep
 in great distress.

To Venice they were bound
 With sorrows compass'd round
 On an unhappy day
 The ship was call'd away,
 Which brought their lives decay,
 Friends discontent.

Dear love, I come, quoth he,
 heaven's me guide,
 I long to be with thee
 my only bride :
 In Venice he did dye,
 And there his couple both lye,
 And left his friends to cry,
 O Hone. O Hone.